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The Oxford Democrat.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give
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Also on hand and for sale a lot of TINWARE
and other things.
CLOCK, &c. REPAIRED.

Pottery.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

BY CORNELIUS BUMP.

Mr. Sumner says that Grant is a bold, bad, dan-
gerous man.—(Newpaper.)

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Floyd, one gloomy night,
As out from Donaldson he crept,
And took his hasty flight.
From Pillow's trembling lips there came
An echo sounding much the same—
And Buckner thought his chief was right,
Nor longer did he maintain the fight;
And from the fort hung stripes and stars,
"That Grant is a dangerous man!" said they;
And doubtless think the same to-day.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Beauregard, one morn,
As from the hangings of the brow
The victor's wrath was torn;
And from the field his legions went
By orders General Grant had sent.
Then Shiloh's field was ours again,
Despite the host of rebel men.

Who came an army boasting loud,
But went a panic-stricken crowd;
For Beauregard and all his men
Perhaps thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Mr. Pemberton, one day;
And then our banners rent and torn
Were through the streets of Vicksburg borne.

"Entreaties are of no avail,
He will not go away
A stubborn, unyielding, dangerous man!
He wants our relief hidden to—"
And still Grant's cannon raked the town
Until the rebel flag came down;
And then our banners rent and torn
Were through the streets of Vicksburg borne.

"The 'bold, bad man,' that glorious North,
Sent glad some tidings to the North.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
And poor Bragg's eyes were dim
With tears; said he, "I know
'Tis useless fighting him—"

And upon the cheers from Grant's brave men
On Lookout's crest, told where and when
The rebel general had to run,
And what that 'bold, bad man' had done.

"That Grant is a dangerous man," he said,
As from the field his army fled.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Lee, "that's plain to see;
He must be very bold indeed,
To think of whipping me!"

Then Petersburg and Richmond fell;
Then Appomattox—may-be-well,
At last our honor's work was done;
The final victory was won.

Perhaps the people may forget
These things, but then, they haven't yet.
They needed them, such 'dangerous' men,
And think perhaps they may again.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Jeff Davis thought the same.
When running off in crinoline
He to the 'last ditch' came.

A Federal's gentle voice was heard,
And—"Grant is dangerous!" averred.
It needs must be that that is so,
For all these rebels ought to know.

Then Hall and Tweed—good, honest men—
Say, "Grant is bold and bad—"
And when such men declare it, then, forthwith,
Folk know that Sumner tells the truth.

Select Story.

KATE'S ACCOMPLISHMENT.

A Sketch for Mothers and Daughters.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Hilary, Kate, you have succeeded
very well. Where my daughters are all
so truly accomplished I dare not draw
comparisons; but I must say to you that
I consider your education perfect." And
thus speaking, Mrs. Lanark, a lady of
five and forty, and the mother of three
grown up daughters, lay back languidly
in her easy chair, and gently waved her
fan.

Kate, the youngest of the three daughters,
had just risen from the pianoforte,
where she had been showing to her
parents how much she had improved upon
her last course. She was nineteen
years of age, and her form was of the
pure female type—not robust, nor yet
fairly like, but after the fashion of those
models which the old Greeks used to
adopt when they wished to sculpture an
Ariadne or a Euphrosyne. Touching her
face—it was certainly a good looking
face. To call such a face pretty would
sound tame and flat. Mrs. Lanark
was of a different opinion. However,
upon one point there was no dispute—
The Judge would often say:

"Well, my little Kate looks good, any
how," and nobody had ever disputed him.
Isabel and Bertha were the other two,
both older than Kate, being aged respectively,
twenty-one and twenty-three. They
had graduated at a very fashionable
school, and were deemed very highly
accomplished; and, moreover, they were
called beautiful.

Judge Lanark was the father of these
girls. He was a man of means, though
not of large wealth. He had been a
successful lawyer, and was now upon
the Bench; and his social position was
of the very highest. Governors had
been among his clients, and Senators
had looked to him for counsel and assistance.
The Judge had reared two sons,
and sent them forth into active, useful
life; but his daughters he had left to his
wife.

"Of course," Mrs. Lanark continued,
after Kate had taken a seat near to her
father, "you do not play as well as your
sisters, but it will come to you by practice.
I think I may say that your list of
necessary accomplishments is full."

"Not quite," said Kate, with a nod and
a smile. "There is one more accomplishment
which I am determined to add to
my list. I longed for it many times
when I was at school, and I am led to
long for it at many of the places where
I am forced to visit. I must learn to
cook."

"To what?" exclaimed Mrs. Lanark.
"To cook?" echoed Isabel and Bertha,
in concert.

"Aye," added Kate, "I shall not con-

sider my womanly accomplishments com-
plete until I can, with my own hands,
make a loaf of whate'er bread fit to set
before my father."

The Judge caught this Kate by the
hand, and cried:

"Good!"

Isabel and Bertha smiled derisively.—
Their looks plainly showed that they con-
sidered the thing ridiculous.

Mrs. Lanark looked up in surprise and
deprecation. It seemed a reflection on
her educational care of her daughters—
Kate saw the look and she speedily added:

"I do not mean a loaf of such soggy
stuff as some of our friends make with
cream of tartar and saleratus, not yet a
loaf of the putty stuff that comes to us
from the baker's; but I mean a loaf of
such bread as my own mother used to
bake when I was a little child."

Mrs. Lanark was mollified, but not
converted.

"Ah, Kate, times have changed since I
was young,"

"For the worse," muttered the Judge.
But his wife did not notice him. She
went on:

"You had better leave the making of
bread to the help in the kitchen. If ever
you have a home of your own I trust
you will have enough else to occupy
your time without doing the work of
your servants."

"If ever I have a home of my own,"
said Kate, with mild decision, "I shall
learn to make bread myself. I shall be
able to do it. My servants shall not
be my mistresses. No servant un-
employed in my household shall be a le-
gal nuisance to me. I will not be the
slave nor the victim of my cook."

"Good!" cried the Judge again. "Go
at it, Kate, and I will furnish the material.
Waste a dozen barrels of flour if
necessary—only bring me a grand good
loaf of bread of your own making and
baking, in the end."

Mrs. Lanark felt that it foolish;
and Isabel and Bertha characterized it as
very childish and whimsical. They lau-
ghed that it smacked of the nursery and
the play room.

But Kate was in earnest; and as her
father backed her up she carried the day,
and gained the freedom of the kitchen,
where the servants very soon came to
love and respect her.

The following winter Isabel and Bertha
spent in the city. Kate remained at
home because her mother could not well
spare them all. During their visit to the
great metropolis the elder sisters made
many friends and formed a few very
pleasant associations. Among others
they met with Roland Archworth, a
young banker, whose father had been
Judge Lanark's classmate and chum in
college. In their letters home they had
informed their father of this fact, and the
Judge remembered the elder Archworth
with treasured love and esteem, and
knowing the son to be the occupant of an
exalted position in society, had invited
the young man to visit him at his country
home.

And thus it happened that when the
summer came, Roland Archworth came
up to the Lanark's pleasant home. He
was a young man of five and twenty, and
was, to use the expression of one who
knew him well, 'very much a man.' He
had inherited a fortune from his father,
and was now a partner in the house
which his father had founded. There
was no speculation in the business which
he followed. With a banking capital
fully equal to the greatest possible
emergency, the house pursued a legiti-
mate course, and its wealth was constantly
increasing.

It is a wonder that Mrs. Lanark's
heart fluttered when the prospect dawned
upon her that possibly the young
banker might seek one of her daughters
for a wife? She cared not whether he
chose Isabel or Bertha. They were both
accomplished, and either would make a
worthy mate for him.

And we do not do the Judge injustice
when we say that even he allowed him-
self to hope that the son of his old class-
mate might find in his heart to love
one of the girls. He had studied the
youth's character well, and he believed it
to be one of the purest and best.

Isabel and Bertha. Of course
there was rivalry between them; but
they agreed that they would abide the
issue. If Isabel was selected to pre-
side over the home of the youthful million-
aire, Bertha would not complain; and
should Bertha prove to be the fortunate
one, Isabel was prepared to yield.

One thing happened very unfortunate-
ly. On the very day of Archworth's ar-
rival, the cook had been taken sick.—
What was to be done?

"Never mind," said Kate, with a smile.
"I will take the reins until cook gets
well."

"But, for mercy's sake," implored Is-
abel, "don't let Mr. Archworth know it!
He belongs to a sphere which would be
shocked by such a gross impropriety.
He would look upon us as belonging to
the cannibal."

But there was no present help for it;
and Kate went into the kitchen, and took
command of the forces in that quarter.

"Will you have some of this cake, Mr.
Archworth?" asked Mrs. Lanark, lifting
the silver basket of troined niceties.

"No," replied the visitor, with a smile.
"If you will allow me to exercise my
own whim you will please me. This
plain bread is a luxury such as I do not
often meet. It takes me back to boy-
hood's days. I have not eaten such since

I ate the bread which my own mother
made. If ever I keep house for myself
I think I shall ask you to send me your
cook!"

For the life of them they could not
help the betrayal of emotion. Poor
Kate, who sat exactly opposite the speak-
er, blushed until it seemed as though all
her blood in her body was rushing into
her face; while Isabel and Bertha
trembled as they might have trembled
had they found themselves unexpectedly
upon the verge of a frightful precipice.

The Judge laughed outright.

"You get our cook into your house,
and you'll find you'll get a Tartar, my
boy," he said. And then to turn the sub-
ject he added:

"I remember your mother very well.
Roland, and I have eaten her bread."

And thus the conversation softened
down into the poetry of other days.

Poaching Roland's associations with
Lanark's daughters, he seemed to enjoy
the society of them all. If he seemed
more eager to talk with one than with
another it was with Kate, not, perhaps,
because he found her more attractive, but
because she kept herself hidden away
from him so much. During the brief in-
terviews that had been permitted him he
found her not only highly accomplished
but he thought he detected an under-
current of plain, practical common sense,
which had not appeared in the others.—
And once when he had been speaking of
his mother, he had noticed Kate's eyes
grow moist with sympathetic light, while
her sisters only smiled in their sweet,
pleasant way. He fancied that through
the gathering moisture of those deep
blue eyes he had looked down into a
warm and tender heart—a heart true and
reliable.

One bright morning Roland Archworth
arose with the sun, and walked out into
the garden. By and by he came around
by the porch, and entered the kitchen to
ask for a drink of milk—for he had seen
the gardener just bringing a brimming
pail from the stable. He went in, and he
saw Kate Lanark at the moulding board,
her white arms bare to the shoulders,
kneading a snowy pile of dough. She
did not see him at first, and he had a
moment for thought—and in that moment
the truth flashed upon him. Here was
the cook whom he had praised—the cook
he had declared he would have in his
own house if he could get her. And he
could now understand the blushing of
the maiden, and the laughing rejoinder
of the Judge. And he remembered now
of having overheard Mrs. Lanark speak-
ing with a member of her family about
the sickness of her cook—how unfor-
tunate it was, and so on. With a clear
sense, and quick comprehension, aided
by keen powers of analysis and reason,
Roland read the whole story. He had
come too far to retreat, and he pushed
boldly on.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Lanark.
Pardon my intrusion; but I saw the milk
pail come in, and I could not resist the
temptation. Oh! the old, old days! I
shall never forget their joys, and I trust
I shall never outlive them. It was my
boyhood's delight to take from my moth-
er's hand the cup warm from the new
milk. This is the first opportunity
that has presented itself for long, long
years. I could not let it slip. You will
pardon me, I know."

At first Kate had been startled terribly;
but when she met the suppliant's warm
and radiant look, and the music of the
old home love told upon her ear, and
when she saw, as by instinct, that the
whole scene was pleasant to him, she
felt her heart bound with gleeful assur-
ance; and brushing the flakes of dough
from her arms, she went and filled a
bowl with new milk and brought it to him.

"I trust," she said, with a beaming
smile, "that the dust of toil upon my
hands will not render the offering less
acceptable."

No matter what Roland replied. He
said something, and then he drank the
milk. He evidently longed to linger in
the kitchen, but propriety forbade, and
with more of his real feeling in his looks
than in his speech, he retired.

A few days thereafter the young bank-
er sought the Judge in his study, and
said, as he took a seat, that he had come
upon important business.

"I have come," he went on, "to ask of
you that I may seek to gain the hand of
your daughter."

The Judge was agreeably surprised.—
He had fancied that the youth had been
growing cold towards his daughters.

"My dear boy," he said, "between you
and me there need be no beating about
the bush. I tell you frankly, I should
be both proud and happy to welcome you
as my son. Which of the two is it?"

"Of the two?" repeated Roland, curi-
ously.

"Aye. Is it Isabel or Bertha?"

"Neither, sir. It is Kate I want."

"Kate!" cried the old man in blank as-
tonishment. But quickly a glad light
dawned in his eyes.

"Yes, Judge. Your Kate is the woman
I want for my wife, if I can win her."

"But—my dear boy—how in the world
did you manage to find my pearl—my
ruby among the household jewels? Where
and when have you discovered the
priceless worth of that sweet child?"

"No," replied the visitor, with a smile.
"If you will allow me to exercise my
own whim you will please me. This
plain bread is a luxury such as I do not
often meet. It takes me back to boy-
hood's days. I have not eaten such since

"God bless you, my boy! Go and win
her if you can. And be sure if you gain
her, you will gain a treasure."

Roland went away, and half an hour
afterward the supernatural light that danced
in his eyes told his story of success.

And Kate, when closely questioned,
confessed that the first flame of real love
which burned in her bosom for Roland
Archworth, was kindled by the deep and
true element of manhood which he had
displayed on that early morning in the
kitchen.

Of course Mrs. Lanark was willing,
though she was somewhat surprised at
the young man's choice.

Isabel and Bertha were disappointed;
but since, at best, only one of them could
have won the prize, they concluded, on
the whole, that it was well as it was.

They loved their sister, and were really
glad that they were thus enabled to claim
the wealthy banker for a brother-in-law.

As for Roland and Kate, their happi-
ness was complete; and of all the accom-
plishments which his wife possesses the
husband is chiefly proud of that which
enables her to be in deed as well as
name, the mistress of his home.

Theaters and Theater-Going.

To say that a theater cannot teach good
morals is to say that it cannot teach bad
morals; is to deny to it the ability to ex-
ercise any moral influence whatsoever.—
What the theater can be, in any direction,
is really a question with which we have
no practical concern. It can be, if it
tries to be, a great power for good in the
world, and equally a great power for evil;
but we have yet to learn either that the
managers and actors are generally endow-
ed with a missionary spirit, or that they
desire to degrade and demoralize their
audiences. There are some professions
endowed with a strong if not a supreme
desire to make men better; but we do not
remember any manager of a theater who
has been called upon to suffer martyrdom
for his devotion to religion and morality.

We will go farther and say that we do
not believe there is a manager in America
who tries to do moral injury to his pa-
trons. As a rule, so far as managers and
actors are concerned, there are no moral
motives of any sort involved. The motive
of the manager is to make money. The
motive of the actor is to make reputation
and win popular favor, that he also may
make money. There is probably one actor
in ten who is a genuine artist, and en-
deavors to win an honorable place in
his profession by the hard and patient
study of his art, by pure associations, and
by the nurture and preservation of his
self-respect. There are actors who are as
true gentlemen and gentlemen as are to
be found in the world, and who deserve
and receive the affectionate respect of all
who know them.

An examination of the motives of ac-
tors and audiences will show us that the-
aters are not, and are not likely to be-
come, "schools of morals" of any sort.
No man ever goes to a theater for moral
instruction. He may go for instruction
in the graces of oratory, or for
instruction in dramatic literature, but
never for any moral or religious object.

Ninety-nine out of every one hundred
persons, in every theater-full of people,
are there to be intellectually interested or
amused. On the stage are the people who
wholly recognize this motive, and who
invariably address themselves to it; for,
by the degree in which they can gratify
the popular desire for amusement, are
they successful in their profession. In
this way, inevitably, the morals of the
stage become the mirror of the popular
morals. If they are good, it is because
the tone of morality is high in the audi-
ence; if they are bad, it is simply because
the audience is vulgar and low, and sym-
pathizes with that which is bad. There
is only one way in which the theater will
ever be elevated, and that is by elevating
the community in which it exists. We do
not say that there can be no other way;
but so long as actors live on the good-will
of their audiences, they will never be
much above or below them. Perhaps
there is no one institution connected with
American life that is more thoroughly the
reflection of the public morality than the
stage. If a profane word, or a ribald
jest, or a double-entendre is indulged in
by an actor, it is indulged in because it
pays,—because it catches the response of
vulgar sympathy from his patrons. Men
who live as actors live can never afford
to be too good or too bad for those upon
whose plaudits and pence they rely for
bread.

Of one thing we may be certain; the
theater exists, and will never cease to ex-
ist, until something can be contrived to
take its place. It seems to be based whol-
ly on the universal love of and demand
for amusement, and the fondness which
nature has implanted in every mind for
the dramatic element in life. Strip Mr.
Gough of his dramatic power, and he
would have only a common-place lecturer
left. Denude Mr. Beecher's sermons of their
dramatic element, and though still excel-
lent, they are no longer Mr. Beecher's
sermons. The man whose writings or
spoken words have great dramatic power
is always the favorite of the people. In
the pulpit, at the bar, on the stump, in
the saloon, the dramatic man carries every-
thing before him. So strong is the natural
taste for the dramatic in life, literature
and conversation, that, more than
anything else, it enchains the popular in-
terest; while the greatest poems of all
literature are dramatic always in material
and mainly in form. It is to this taste

for the dramatic and the love of amuse-
ment that the theater appeals; and
we can see at once that if the theater is
with us, it has come to stay. It thrives
under opposition, like all plants that have
their roots in human nature.

The theater is here, then, and will re-
main. What shall we do with it, and
what shall be done about it? We do not
propose to do anything about it, except
to endeavor so to elevate the popular
mind and taste that the stage, as the re-
flection of that mind and taste, shall
grow purer and better all the time.

When truly meritorious men and women
appear as actors, it will be the duty and
privilege of this MAGAZINE to recognize
them and all there is of good in them.

When charlatans appear, it will be
equally its duty and privilege to condemn
them. Their art is undoubtedly legiti-
mate, though it is surrounded by a thou-
sand more temptations for themselves
than for those whom they entertain.

Artists of all names and callings—singers
as well as actors—who are dependent up-
on the popular applause almost inevit-
ably grow mean and childish and jealous
in their greed for praise, and especially
for partiality of praise. These tempta-
tions seem to be almost inseparable from
their calling; but there have been noble
men and women enough on the stage to
show that they can be resisted.

The question touching the right or
wrong of attending the theater, we do
not propose to discuss. It certainly is
not right for any man to offend his con-
science in anything; but we do not permit
any man's conscience, and do not permit
any man to keep ours. There is no
doubt that the theater has dangerous
associations, which the young should
shun. There are natures that are very
much fascinated by the stage—so much
so as to make the theatergoing a snare and
a temptation to them. Again, it is a very
expensive amusement, which young
men and women dependent on their own
labor can very rarely afford. A day's
work in real life for an evening's enjoy-
ment of mimic life is a very poor ex-
change. Yet there are men and women
to whom the theater is an inspiration, a
recreation, and a rest. If there were not
a great many such, the theater could not
live a month. The life of cities is most
intense—almost intolerable, often—and
anything not vicious or degrading in it
itself—which can bring diversion and for-
getfulness, is healthful and helpful.

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 25, 1872.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

Ulysses S. Grant.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON.

It is a venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust [of the presidency] in 1872 than he was in 1868. — *Horace Greeley.*

FOR GOVERNOR.

SIDNEY PERHAM.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

2nd Dist. **WM. P. FRYE.**
3rd Dist. **JAS. G. BLAINE.**

REPUBLICAN County Convention.

THE citizens of Oxford County, who believe in the principles of the Republican Party as enunciated from time to time, during the past twelve years, together with a strict, honest and economical administration of the same, and that the election of honest and capable men to office, is the only safe guarantee for the preservation and success of the party in the future, are hereby requested to meet in Convention, by delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, on

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1872,
At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported in the coming election, viz:—

Two Senators, County Commissioners, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds for Eastern and Western Districts, Register of Probate, Clerk of Courts and Sheriff.

Also to transact any other business that may properly come before the Convention.

The basis of representation is as follows:—each town and organized plantation is entitled to one delegate and an additional delegate for every seventy-five votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1868—a fraction of thirty-eight votes additional to the full number for a delegate is also entitled to a delegate.

The several towns, under the above, will be entitled as follows:

Albany,	3	Norway,	5
Andover,	3	Oxford,	4
Bethel,	3	Paris,	4
Brownfield,	3	Paris,	4
Buckfield,	3	Porter,	4
Byron,	3	Roxbury,	4
Canter,	3	Rumford,	4
Danville,	3	Stow,	4
Deerfield,	3	Sumner,	4
Frederick,	3	Union,	4
Gilead,	3	Waterford,	4
Greenwood,	3	Woodstock,	4
Hartford,	3	Hamlin's Grant,	4
Hebron,	3	Franklin Plantation,	4
Hiram,	3	Milton Plantation,	4
Lewiston,	3	Lincoln Plantation,	4
Mason,	3	Frederick Acad Grant,	4
Mexico,	3	N. C. R. I.,	4
Newry,	3		

The County Committee will be in session at the Court House, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the Convention to receive credentials.

JAMES T. CLARK,
GEO. D. BEEBE,
GEO. P. JONES,
Republican County Committee.

June 12th, 1872.

Greeley Endorsed!

The recent democratic State Convention clearly and emphatically endorsed the Cincinnati nomination, and as the delegates are fresh from the people, there can be no doubt that they represent the sentiments of the party throughout the State.

So the once proud democracy have abandoned their principles and name, and gone over to the Liberal Republicans! They have confessed the sins of their past life by a very deep repentance! But to shed the sincerity of their course, they should put on probation during their natural lives!

The Democracy on Temperance.

The republican party should have the credit of bringing the democracy up to a healthy point on the great subject of temperance, though it has taken years of hard labor to accomplish it. At their State Convention at Bangor, they promptly quelled the efforts of Mr. J. F. Rawson, to get a resolution in condemning sumptuary legislation, especially relating to wine and cider. This is the most hopeful sign of repentance we have seen in the party, since they have talked of adopting Greeley, with all his aims, but we suppose it is a natural sequence of taking such a dose of radical Temperance fanaticism as Horace is the embodiment of. This settles the great Cider question. How can democracy complain of the *awful cider law* any more! They are on record at last—thanks to the sober minded portion of them!

—A New York paper referring to the Republican National Committee, says:—

The member from Maine is the Hon. Wm. P. Frye, the Representative who has come into Congress latest from that State. Mr. Frye is a rising young man in Maine politics, and, although serving his first term in Congress, has already taken front rank among the active working members.

—Dr. C. D. Bradbury of North Woodstock, takes umbrage at the reference we made last week to some of the Buckfield Greeley Club getting into the habit of bolting under him, and says:—"I have never refused to vote or work for any nomination the republican party have made, whether National, State or County, with the exception of our present County Commissioners and two Representatives to the legislature."

Too Bad! Hon. E. F. Pillsbury, of Maine, who was in New York last week, is put down in some of their papers as Parker Pillsbury, the noted Come-outer and Abolitionist! Is it because he is a supporter of Greeley?

—A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, on the line of the proposed Androscoggin Valley Railroad from Lewiston to Rumford Falls, writes: The prospects of the Androscoggin Railroad are brightening. It is understood by reliable parties that the managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad are anxiously waiting to receive proposals from a committee from the Androscoggin Valley Railroad to build or lease said road, and now the committee of the Androscoggin Valley road are only waiting the movements of the Maine Central Railroad for their decision.

Henry Wilson's Letter of Acceptance.

In reply to the note informing him of his nomination for the Vice Presidency, Hon. Henry Wilson replied:

WASHINGTON, June 13th, 1872.

To the Hon. Thomas Settle and others—President and Vice Presidents of the National Republican Convention, held at Philadelphia on the 3th and 6th of the present month.

Gentlemen:—Your note of the 10th inst., conveying to me the action of the Convention in placing my name in nomination for the office of Vice President of the United States, is before me.

I need not give you the assurance of my grateful appreciation of the high honor conferred upon me by this action of the Fifth National Convention of the Republican party. Sixteen years ago in the same city was held the first meeting of the men, who, amid the darkness and doubts of that hour of slave-holding ascendancy and aggression had assembled in National Convention to confer with each other on the exigencies of that fearful domination had brought their country.

After a full conference the highest point of resolve they could reach, the most they dared recommend, was the ardent purpose to prohibit the existence of slavery in the territories. Last week the same party met by its representatives from 37 States and territories at the same great centre of wealth, intelligence and power, to review the past, take note of the present and indicate its line of action for the future. As typical facts, headlands of the nation's history, there sat on its platform, taking an honorable and prominent part in its proceedings admitted on terms of perfect equality to the leading hotels of the city, not only colored Republicans of the race which were ten years before in abject slavery, but one of the wisest and most prominent and distinguished abolitionists to whom was accorded no other the warmest demonstrations of popular regard and esteem, an ovation, not to him alone but the cause he had so ably and for so many years represented, and to men and women, living and dead, who toiled through long years of obloquy and self-sacrifice for the glorious fruition of that hour.

It has needed the brilliant summary of its platform to set forth its illustrious achievements. The very presence of those men was alone significant of the victories achieved.

The progress already made in the great distance which the nation had travelled between the years of 1856 and 1872.

But grand as has been its record, the republican party rests not on its past alone. It looks to the future and grapples with its problems of duty and of danger. It proposes as objects of its immediate accomplishment, complete liberty and exact equality for all.

The enforcement of the recent amendments to the national constitution, the nation in the civil service, the national domain to be set apart for homes for the people.

The adjustment of the duties on imports so as to secure remunerative wages to laborers, the extension of bounties to all soldiers and sailors who in line of duty became disabled, the continual and careful encouragement, and protection of voluntary immigration, and guarding with a jealous care the rights of adopted citizens, the abolition of the franking privilege, and the speedy reduction of the rates of postage, the reduction of the national debt, and rates of interest, and assumption of specie payments, the encouragement of American commerce and of ship-building, suppression of violence and the protection of the ballot box.

It also placed on record the opinions and purposes of the party in favor of amnesty, against all forms of repudiation, and endorsed the humane and peaceful policy of the administration in regard to the Indians.

But while clearly defining and distinctly announcing the policy of the Republican party on these questions of practical legislation and administration, the Convention did not ignore the great social problems which are pressing their claims for solution, and which demand the most careful study and wise consideration. Foremost stands the labor question. Concerning the relations of capital to labor, the Republican party accepts the duty of so shaping legislation as to secure full protection and the amplest field for capital, and labor, the creator of capital, for support, to the patriotic and just share of mutual profits of these two great servants of civilization. To woman, too, and her new demands, it extends the hands of grateful recognition, and proffers it a most respectful inquiry, and it recognizes her noble devotion to the country and freedom; welcomes her admission to wider fields of usefulness, and commends her demands for additional rights to the careful consideration of the nation to guard well what has already been secured.

To work out faithfully and wisely what is now in hand, and to consider the questions which are looming up to view but a little way before us, the republican party is to-day what it was in the gloomy years of slavery, rebellion and reconstruction—a national necessity. It appeals to the people for support, to the patriotic and liberty loving, to the just and humane, to all who dignify labor, to all who would educate and lighten the burdens of the sons and daughters of toil.

With its great record, the work still to be done under the great soldier, whose historic renown and whose successful administration for the past three years, begot popular confidence, the Republican party may confidently, in the language of the Convention you represent, start on a march to victory. Having accepted thirty-six years ago the distinguished doctrines of the Republican party, of today, having during the years of that period for their advancement subordinated all other issues acting in and co-operating with a political organization with whose leading doctrines I sometimes had neither sympathy nor belief, having labored incessantly for many years to found and build up the Republican party, and having during its existence taken an humble part in its grand work, I gratefully accept the nomination thus tendered, and shall endeavor, if it shall be ratified by the people, faithfully to perform the duties it involves.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed.) HENRY WILSON.

—We knew a man once (he lives yet; hope he will read this paragraph,) who prayed night and morning, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer besides. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built the fires, churned, "economized," and died of consumption in the prime of life. He put a weed on his hat, tried to resign himself to the "dispensation of Providence," when he ought to have been tried for woman'slaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life. We don't quite believe in capital punishment, which is why we don't suggest hemp and the gallows. —[Rural New Yorker.]

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention was held at Bangor last Tuesday. It was quite enthusiastic under the new Greeley galvanizing. Hon. James C. Madigan, of Houlton presided, and made a lengthy speech. Seven hundred and twenty-three delegates were reported, though the highest vote cast was 426. Hon. C. P. Kimball was nominated by acclamation, as a Candidate for Governor, and made a speech.

The Convention proceeded to the election of delegates at large to the Baltimore Convention. Hon. Bion Bradbury and Hon. Alonzo Garcelon declined to be candidates. The following delegates were chosen: Eben F. Pillsbury, W. H. McCrellis, T. H. Hubbard and E. K. O'Brien, receiving 309 votes out of 426.

Before balloting, a delegate inquired if the above gentlemen, whose names appeared upon a ticket circulated, could be relied upon for Greeley. Each of the gentlemen named arose, and protested that they were for Greeley, and no one else.

Mr. Clifford, from the committee on resolutions, reported a series of resolutions, of which the following is the gist: Resolved, That the principles enunciated by the late Cincinnati Convention taken in consideration with the letter of Horace Greeley accepting the nomination of that convention, constitute a platform on which all the elements in opposition to the present corrupt administration by the federal government can stand, and do hereby adopt as the platform of the Democracy of Maine the following resolutions: That we pledge to the nation the principles of Horace Greeley's letter. [Here follow the nine propositions formally stated in the letter referred to.]

Resolved, That we believe the great reforms for which patriotic men of all parties are now laboring can be best obtained by supporting, as the candidate for our next President, Horace Greeley, and we recommend to our delegates to vote for the Cincinnati candidates.

Resolved, That we pledge to the nation the principles of Horace Greeley's letter, and shall hail his election as the commencement of a purer political era.

At this point J. F. Rawson of Bangor, said that one important democratic resolution had been omitted by the committee, and he therefore, in behalf of thousands of democrats, moved the adoption of the following:—

Resolved, That the democratic party are in principle opposed to all prohibitory laws, and especially to all that relate to the manufacture and sale of wine and cider.

The introduction of this resolution caused great disorder and excitement. Some were for squelching it summarily, some for referring it to the committee on resolutions, others for passing it. Finally T. H. Hubbard, Esq., of Biddeford, moved to indefinitely postpone the resolution, and Rawson, seeing that the motion would be carried by a large vote, withdrew his resolution.

W. R. Smith of Augusta, introduced a resolution commending the old-fashioned principles of democracy, but the man agers whispered that all such declarations were to be kept in the background just now; and the resolution was referred.

The question of nominating Electors coming up, Mr. Wilson of Thomaston, said that this little thing better be left till after the Baltimore Convention, when the democrats and liberals could arrange matters, in case the proposed marriage took place. It was then voted to leave this to the State Committee.

State Committee.—Alonzo Garcelon, Jas. C. Madigan, A. W. Bradbury, Geo. W. Clark, Monroe Young, B. F. Parrott, Edward K. O'Brien, R. J. Rundlett, Samuel K. Carter, Chas. W. Roberts, D. Saunders, E. W. Farley, W. D. Hayden, C. C. Roberts, S. D. Leavitt and Henry K. Bradbury.

District Conventions.

BANGOR, June 18.—The Democratic Conventions of the third and fifth districts were held this afternoon in Norumbega Hall after the adjournment of the State Convention, and after a somewhat spirited fight in the 5th and lively discussion in the 3d, resulted in the election as delegates to the Baltimore Convention of Albert Moore of North Anson, and S. R. Tibbets of Pittston, from the 3d district, and Jonathan White of Rockland, and C. C. Roberts of Stockton, from the 5th district. The former were instructed to vote for Greeley & Brown the latter were not instructed.

4TH DISTRICT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

At the Democratic District Convention held in City Hall the 18th inst., Marcellus Emery, editor of the Bangor Commercial, was nominated for Member of Congress from the Fourth District, and James C. Madigan of Houlton, and W. T. Pearson of Bangor, were chosen delegates to the Baltimore Convention. No formal instructions were given to the delegates, but the sentiment of the Convention was clearly in favor of Horace Greeley for President.

—A dispatch from Waterville, dated Jan. 14th says: This morning a scene occurred at the college chapel, which has not been witnessed here for years. For a few days hard feelings have existed between the sophomore and freshman classes, and after prayers, this morning, a rush was made for the door, when a general fight ensued. Some blood was spilled, but no one was much hurt. The President attempted to disperse the students, but they took their own time. If the trouble is not settled between the classes, the affair will be tried over again to-morrow morning. Last night, an unsuccessful attempt was made at hazing. A party of freshmen had been informed to be on their guard and prepare themselves for an attack. A noise was at the door, but not concluding to burst in the attacking party retired.

—We meant to have written out, ere this, an account of Memorial Day at Bridgton—but we have been "swinging around the circle" so much since, that we haven't found time, and now it is too late. We must express our thanks to bro. Shorey, of the News, for his courtesy on the occasion.

Editorial Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 21, 1872.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.

We haven't much of an ear for Music, and didn't come to the Jubilee with the expectation of being gratified greatly in this respect—but an acre or so of sweet sounds, vocal and instrumental, one would think, might evoke music in one, though he had none in his soul, and consequently were only "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

Whatever may be said of the Jubilee, as a financial success, it is certainly a wonder. The interest is increasing daily—Boston is literally packed, and the sleeping apartments in the suburbs are about all taken! It is wonderful to see the rush of humanity into the city every morning. When it takes 13 columns of the mammoth dailies to do justice to this "big thing," it will not be expected of the rural journals to give more than a bird's-eye view.

The accommodations for the Press are on a liberal scale, and every courtesy desired is extended to them. Over a thousand of the fraternity have registered their names, and still they come.

The season tickets, transferable, sold for \$50.00—single tickets \$5.00. On the fourth day, the latter were reduced to \$3.00, which will be more popular and be likely to fill the vast building daily. The first and second days were hardly a success in numbers, but each day witnessed an increasing interest which will develop into a perfect furor of excitement the second week. Each day is given to some nationality—the 2d was the English day; third, German; fourth, French; fifth, Austrian; sixth, Prussian. We attended on the French day, when the famous French band gave the Marseillaise hymn, one of the most soul-inspiring national pieces ever written. The band numbers 55 pieces, the English 50, and the Austrian 75. Each of them have received great ovations, on their first appearance, and it is hard for an untried ear to decide which excels. They hail their favorites, and their especial laurels in their countrymen.

To see an audience of 50,000 people, in so vast and beautifully decorated building, with the variegated colors of the ladies' plumage, is perfectly enravelling, and when the great audience is moved to applause, with the waving of vast numbers of white handkerchiefs, clapping of hands and cheering, one is fairly lifted out of his boots—and we are not very enthusiastic, either. The audience is very quiet during the performances, but such a buzz and stirring between is like the moving of many waters. We say 50,000 people, and this is not stretching the fact. The Chorus and Orchestra number 22,000, and the rest of the building will seat 23,000. The receipts were \$60,000, and it is said that it will take \$1,000,000 of earnings to pay all bills. The Coliseum cost \$250,000, and the daily expenses are immense. Strauss the great German composer—a great favorite—has \$20,000 in gold and his expenses; Madame Lottner \$10,000, and Madame Rudensoff, the other foreign singer, \$7,500. The bouquet of artists, select singers are also paid. 200 ushers have \$3.50 per day, besides all the bands, which are paid high rates. Gilmore ought to make \$100,000 out of it.

The Chorus singing, we are told by critics, has not come up to the mark, with the exception of the singing of Marseillaise hymn, on Thursday, which they caught the spirit of, and rendered grandly. Madame Lottner is said to be superior to Nilsson or Jenny Lind, but we were not so greatly affected by her singing. The instrumental music is grand. We advise every lover of the science of sweet sounds to attend the Jubilee once, for such another grand combination will not probably occur again in a life time. The sight of the building and chorus is well worth the expense of attending. The Jubilee seems to be on too grand a scale to meet with success, financially—it is there are many grand things about it, and it is hoped that musical talent and taste will be greatly stimulated by it.

Oxford Conference.

THE annual session of the Oxford Conference was with the church in Turner, June 11th and 12th. D. B. Robinson of Turner, was chosen Moderator, and F. E. Shaw, Paris, Scribe. At 11 A. M., Rev. D. Garland, of Bethel, preached an interesting sermon from Isaiah 45:1: "Wee unto him that striiveth with his Maker."

In the afternoon a half hour was spent in devotional exercises. At 2 o'clock, the first topic was taken up, viz: "Have we Divine authority for prohibiting women from preaching?" A spirited discussion ensued, opened by Rev. D. Garland, who advocated the right and propriety of women preaching—followed by the Scribe, Revs. A. Loring of Sumner and Tewksbury of Gorham, Dea. S. Robinson of Sumner, and Rev. G. A. Lockwood. The prevailing sentiment was, that while woman was a valuable helper in the social meeting, it was not her sphere to enter the ministry and occupy the sacred desk.

The next topic "What should be the doctrinal basis of church membership in our Congregational churches," was opened by Rev. A. Loring, and being rather a doctrinal subject, did not elicit discussion. "How shall Christians most effectively recommend religion to the world," was opened by Rev. G. F. Tewksbury, who was followed by Bros. S. S. Stetson of Sumner, D. B. Robinson of Turner, A. W. Valentine of Bethel, the Scribe and Rev. Mr. Jordan.

The evening was given up to the Sabbath School cause, after a half hour spent in devotional services. "The true relation of the Sunday School to the church," was discussed by Rev. Mr. Lockwood, Dea. T. G. Goodwin of Norway, bro. Valentine, and the Moderator. The Scribe exhibited "The Bible Roll," and a Map of Palestine, as aids in the Sabbath School work.

Rev. D. Garland reported the condition of the churches.

WEDNESDAY.

Morning prayer meetings were held at the church, and in the Ricker neighborhood.

Conference met at 8 1/2—half hour for devotion. At 9 took up business.

The Committee on Nominations reported semi-annual meeting in October with 1st Church in Norway. 1st Preacher, Rev. G. F. Tewksbury; 2d—Rev. J. Elliot. Committee of Arrangements, Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, and Deacons Osgood Perry and Sam'l Merrill.

Delegates to State Conference—Revs. A. B. Jordan of Turner, and G. A. Lockwood, of Oxford, and bro. F. E. Shaw, of Paris, and D. F. Brown, Bethel.

To visit Bangor Seminary—Rev. A. B. Jordan.

At 10 A. M. the Annual meeting of the BIBLE SOCIETY

occurred. The following officers were chosen:

T. G. Goodwin, Norway, President; Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, Vice Pres.; W. J. Wheeler, South Paris, Sec'y; H. N. Bolster, South Paris, Treasurer and Depository.

F. E. Shaw, from a special Committee, made a report relative to settlement of former Treasurer with Dea. Giles Shurtliff, for canvassing a portion of the County, to the effect that the compensation and services were satisfactory, and the settlement just and proper. Report accepted.

The topic "What means, if any, can be devised to supply the pulpits of our weak and vacant churches with preaching," was opened by the Scribe, who urged the developing of the talent of the laymen in our churches, and using it; bro. Valentine and H. N. Bolster followed in the same vein.

Next topic—"The necessity and importance of giving more attention to the young, in the preaching of the Gospel," opened by Bros. Goodwin, followed by Beman and Deacon Josiah Brown, of Bethel.

In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Lockwood preached a highly interesting sermon from Matt 5:3: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." The Communion service was then observed, Revs. Loring and Tewksbury, assisted by Deacons Emery, Talbot and Jesse Bradford, of Turner, officiating.

After voting thanks to the good people of Turner, the Conference adjourned. The occasion was an enjoyable and a profitable one.

Ordination of Rev. W. H. Bolster.

Many friends in Oxford County will follow one of the sons of "old Oxford," to his newly assumed work at the shrine town of "old Lincoln." Mr. Wm. H. Bolster, of South Paris, was ordained to the ministry of the Gospel, and installed over the Congregational Church in Wiscasset, Tuesday eve, June 11th.

Of the Council, called to advise in the matter, Rev. J. O. Fiske, D. D., of Bath, was Moderator; Rev. H. O. Thayer, of Woolwich, Scribe.

A highly satisfactory examination in theology was sustained by Mr. Bolster, and noticeable for the spirit of independence and readiness with which questions were met, and also the willingness to admit that he had not learned everything, nor thought through to exact conclusions, every difficult, mysterious, or controverted matter of theological science.

The sermon was preached by Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, of South Paris, and was in his own peculiar vein, able, pointed, and adapted to the occasion,—"Saying and Losing the Life," from Matt. 16:26.

The services of the Ordination were happily conceived, instructive, touching, profitable to the audience, and of peculiar interest to the church and congregation, which already show they have received their young minister into a warm place in their hearts.

Mr. Bolster begins his ministry in Wiscasset under very flattering auspices in the enthusiastic regard of the people, and with cheering prospects of usefulness.

A SON OF OLD OXFORD.

SEIT ON A PROMISSORY NOTE.—

In the Superior Court yesterday, before Judge Putnam, a case was tried in which Samuel A. Way sought to recover on a promissory note of \$11,384, made by F. B. Smith and indorsed by F. O. J. Smith. The note provided that in case it was not paid at maturity three per cent. a month interest should be charged until payment. There was a clause providing that in case the maker desired to pay before maturity, he might so do. There were also clauses setting forth the conditional disposal of forty shares of railroad stock given as security for the loan. The defence was that the instrument was not a promissory note, but an evidence of a certain contract, by which the indorser could not be held. The case is to be reported to the full bench for a decision, and the presiding Judge directed a verdict of \$15,000 to the plaintiff. —*Boston Herald, June 1st.*

—An interesting discovery was made last week by a workman employed on the line of the Riviere du Loup Railroad, near Fredericton. It was a circular copper vessel about 4 feet in diameter and about 2 feet deep. Enclosed in this vessel was the skeleton of a man which appeared to have been buried on his side with his knees drawn towards his chin and the body bent to admit of enclosure within the vessel. Three deer-skins between two layers of birch bark was the covering of the whole. About twenty knives of steel blades and iron handles were found with him, and this circumstance gives rise to the supposition that the remains were those of a Micmac Indian chief, which had been buried there a hundred years ago, or more. —[Aroostook Times.]

—At the Mystic Park races on Wednesday of last week, Goldsmith Maid made the best time on a mile track on record—2:16 3/4.

Sudden Death at Bethel.

The correspondent of the Lewiston Journal gives further particulars of Mrs. Foster's death:

Just two months ago the citizens of Bethel were shocked by the death of a darling little boy, the only child of E. Foster, Jr., Esq., who retired at night as well as usual and died before morning Friday morning the community were again shocked with the news that the mother of the child, Mrs. Adaline Lowe Foster, had died Thursday evening from the effects of chloroform, which she had purchased that day at Wiley's Drug Store.

Ever since the death of her boy her mind has been constantly devoted to his memory, and no efforts of her husband seemed capable of diverting her from it, and she felt that her boy needed her now more than any one else, which led to the act that caused her death. She had visited some of her intimate friends during the day and appeared as usual; weeded out some flowers in her garden in the afternoon, and attended to her domestic duties; but early in the evening complained of being unwell and retired. At 6 o'clock her husband went to her room, and found her lying calmly on her side with a bottle of chloroform on her face. She had evidently been dead but a short time. A letter lay on the table directed to her husband, and written with a steady, though hurried hand. It read as follows:—

"My dear, my much loved husband As I commence this, knowing it is my last letter to you, the years we have lived together in such sweet happiness come up before me. You have been a good husband, dear Enoch, and I pray your remaining years of earthly life may be filled with happiness. I feel it is my duty to go now, although it is hard to leave you and mother. Tell her I will be but a little while before she will come too."

She then makes a disposal of her personal effects to her friends, and closes her letter as follows: "My darling husband, good-bye for a little while. Be sure I am dead before I am buried."

Mr. and Mrs. Foster had been married eight years and were surrounded with everything that seemed to make life pleasant. She was a lady of fine culture, an ornament to society, and much beloved in the community. She united with the Congregational Church in Waterville, when 13 years of age, of which she was a member at the time of her death. Her age was 29 years 7 months. The funeral services were held on Sunday the 16th, at 10 A. M., at the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. Dr. Sheldon of Waterville, and Rev. Mr. Morse, pastor of the church. Mr. Foster has the tenderest sympathies of the whole community, from the terrible blow inflicted upon him without a moment's warning, in the loss of his family.

Albany Items.

Mr. Editor:—I think your Albany correspondent of last week, June 11th, must have been suffering under a severe fit of the "blues," as well as being somewhat "in the fog." He said our town had been settled about 90 years. He made a slight mistake of about 20 years. He says we have two post-offices where we can obtain our mail, &c. The facts in relation to this matter are these: We have one Post Office; our "mail route" is from Bethel, on the Grand Trunk. From this point the Government provides and pay for carrying the mail once per week, authorizing the Postmaster to obtain a mail as much oftener as he can without extra pay from Government. Through the efforts of our Postmaster, we constantly receive two mails per week, and much of the time more; at averaging three mails per week during the year. We regret that the Government does not give us better mail facilities.

Our town is small in territory and our population only 651. We are a farming community and have no central place to build up much of a village. A saw-mill, shingle-mill, &c., near the centre of the town was burned last Fall, and has not yet been rebuilt. We now have five mills for manufacturing of various kinds of lumber, all of which are in successful operation; some are doing quite a large business. One of them is in operation by steam power.

We have three blacksmith shops, two of which are not just now occupied, but offer opportunities for good business. We have several good shoemakers and carpenters, &c. As for doctors and lawyers we have none, neither have we any dram shops, or any call for them.

Your correspondent said we have no minister in town. The facts in regard to this are, the Methodist society have regular preaching every fourth Sabbath, and have not had less than that for the last 30 years. The Congregational society have a minister engaged, who will commence his labors this month; within the last 30 years they have had two ministers that remained with them fourteen years each, and no year have they been without some preaching. Other denominations have occasional preaching.

During these thirty years we have raised up and educated six young men for the ministry, all of whom have done credit to the profession, and some take a high rank. We have also furnished and educated seven for the medical profession, and all have a good standing; also four or five who make law and teaching their profession.

We furnished soldiers for subduing the rebellion, beyond our quota; many of them responded to the first call of the Government, and went without any bounty, and died that our Country might live. The "emigration fever" has also thinned our ranks considerably.

I make these statements in justice to ourselves, and to correct an unjust and unfavorable impression that has gone out from your last week's correspondent.

J. H. LOYDEY.

Albany, June 19, 1872.

